

THE
OLD QUIZZES;
OR,
WHAT'S THE NEWS?

MUSICAL FARCE,
IN TWO ACTS,
AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT THE
Theatre-Royal, Crow-street.
First Edition.

BY MR. ROBERT HALL.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY I. COLLES, No. 3,
COFF-STREET,

1799.

*collated
&
perfect.
J. H. 1804.*

OLD TIMES
OR
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MUSICAL LARGE
IN TWO ACTS
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PUBLISHED BY J. COLLIER, NO. 1, COVENTRY STREET, W.

TO THE PUBLIC.

FROM the very flattering Reception this little Piece met with on the first Night of Representation, the Author was prevailed upon by a Friend to let it again come forward; but according to the circumstances of the Times, and the then Regulations of the Theatre, was obliged to let it undergo the Pruning Knife of Caution, by which it was so totally mutilated as not to be known. He now presents it to the Public in its Original Form, relying on their impartiality to judge, if in the Songs or Dialogue there is any thing can offend the Ear of a
TRUE LOYAL IRISHMAN.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Christopher Curious, *Mr. Lee.*

Whimsy, *Mr. Curtis.*

Barnaby Credulous, *Mr. Gaudry.*

Captain Caulfield, *Mr. Byrne.*

Serjeant Sly, *Mr. Mahon.*

Simon Smash, *Mr. Gallagher.*

Neddy Grouse, *Mr. Stewart.*

W O M E N.

Lady Curious, *Mrs. Barrett.*

Arabella, *Mrs. Mahon.*

Molly, *Mrs. Hatton.*

Several Recruits, Country People, &c.

Scene lies in a remote Part of the Country.

WHAT'S THE NEWS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Country Village in a remote Part of Ireland.*

Enter Captain Caulfield, Serjeant Sly, Ned Grouse, Simon and several Recruits, with Fife, Drum, Colours, &c. &c.

SONG I. AIR, *Prince of WALES's March,*

SERJEANT.

YOU lads of true spirit to glory now come,
'Tis honour invites you, repair to her drum,
Haste with joy to our standard, you true loyal souls,
And encore the King's health in repeated full bowls;
On land and sea,
It shall be

That our people are victorious,
We'll fight for our country, our laws and our King,
Here's gold to content you the rest of your lives,
And make happy your mistress, your children, and wives;
Night and day, let us pray,
For strength by land and sea,
And the law of our country will then keep us free.
Full Chorus and three Cheers.

A

Sim.

Sim. Wounds, but this is sweet sport going on, huzza!

Serj. Ha, my honest fellow, how do you do, I'm happy to see you, give me your hand my friend:—won't you.

Sim. E'cod, I won't, it's best that every body shake their own hands, and then they won't catch the —

Serj. Sure, my worthy, you don't suspect me,

Sim. E'cod, I'd suspect the father that bare me, if I thought, do you see, that as how he wanted to crimp me.

Serj. Come, come, my worthy friend, suspicion does not become so handsome a face as you have.

Sim. (Aside) Wounds, what disarming these crimpers have, how soon he smoaked that I was a tight pretty boy.

Serj. Well, my boy, shan't we be friends.

Sim. O the devil a better, but it's at a distance.

Capt. Well, Serjeant, which of these fine young fellows are willing to make their fortune.

Ned. By the piper, I am, please your honour, if I knew how.

Capt. That's my cleaver fellow, follow me and I'll shew you the road, and as an earnest of your good fortune, I make you a present of this purse to bear your expences.

Ned. He, he, but will your honour give me all that's in it.

Capt. Most certainly, my dear friend, and as much more.

Ned. E'cod, then I am your honour's man, for one half I'll give my poor mother to buy a cow, the other half I'll keep to myself, all to a trifle I'll lay out for my sweet heart Cicily, but now I beg your honour's pardon, are you sure I'll make my fortune before I come back.

C.p. Most undoubtedly, my hero.

Ned.

Ned. Huzza ! Captain, then e'cod I'll be a soldier, and make my fortune.

Sim. Wounds, you fool you, are you mad, don't go, don't I tell you.

Ned. E'cod, but I will tho' and why not.

Sim. Why not, faith a very good reason, bekeys you look as if you was walking the nine deadly steps after your own corpse.

Capt. Psha, you blockhead, hold your tongue, don't mind him, my friend, he's a coward.

Sim. O then, be my soul, 'tis better be a coward than a corpse at any time.

Cap. Peace, sirrah, you want to have all the riches and honours to yourself.

Sim. Be my conscience, your honour wrongs me, for I'll be contented with half, for I'll ask but the riches and leave all the honours to you Grouse.

Cap. Very good, pray whose fine fellow are you.

Sim. My daddy's fine fellow, an please you,

Cap. I mean, whose livery do you wear.

Sim. My master's to be sure.

Cap. But who is your master.

Sim. Who is my master.

Serj. Yes, the Captain wants to know your master's name.

Sim. Softly, gentlemen ; arragh, softly, one at a time is enough for poor Simon, e'cod I don't like to be ax'd too many questions at once, as there's a great many informers in the world, and a body might lead themselves into a purling iron, as the saying is.

Ned. Go, you fool you, how careful you are, can't you tell the captain whose man you are.

Sim. No, but I can tell the captain whose man you are, ha, ha, ha, you'r the captain's man, Neddy.

Ned. Well, so I am, and whose afraid, that's the word—please your honour, that's Simon Smash,

and he lives with old Justice Whimsey, and my name's Neddy Grouse, that lived with sir Kitt Curious, there above in the big house, but I don't live wod him now.

Cap. What made you leave him?

Ned. Please your honour, he discharged me, be-
keys I cond'nt tell him what sort of a wind blew
the Frinch into Bantry Bay, and the dickens a bit of
myself knew a word of it, till all the country was in
a hub-bub, about it.

Serj. Come, Mr. Smash, you and I must be
better acquainted; you must come to the Swan and
drink his Majesty's health, God bless him, you
shall see wer'e not rascally crimps, but gentlemen
soldiers.

Sim. I am very much obliged to you Mr. Ser-
jent, but if it's the same thing to you, faith I'd
rather stay where I am.

Serj. Come Serjeant Grouse, prevail on your friend.

Ned. Taffyanage, Simon, why don't you come,
arragh, don't you see that I'm a Sarjent already.

Sim. O I beg your pardon, Mr. Sarjent, e'cod
since you get on so fast you'll be a Captain before
you get to the Swan, then you know you'll be too
grand to keep company wid poor Simon Smash
the justice's servant boy.

Ned. Sure you fool, if you take on, you'll be a
Captain too.

Sim. Be my soul, Ned, you'r in the wrong box,
for I'll never desire to be a Captain in your way.

SONG II. AIR, Round the World for sport.

Sim. I'm a country boy that knows no care.

And here and there does ramble O;

I cock my hat and tye my hair,

To court each pretty damsel O;

At fair and wake I win the cake,

For at dancing I'm the dandy O.

If my partner let's me taste her lips,

I think it's sugar candy O.

When

2

When I a little money get,
 I'll buy a pretty ponny O,
 Then off to Dublin I will set,
 And be a mackarony O ;
 I'll get to live with some great lord,
 And be his Wallicomchadre O,
 No longer will I stay down here,
 Like a great big country gander O.

3

I'll go to see balls and puppet shews,
 And bull-beats nice and denty O ;
 Bekeys, when I'm in place you know,
 I'll then have money plenty O ;
 Then who can tell but Peg or Nell,
 To shew that they have judgment O,
 Will say, my charming man,
 Here take my hand,
 Like a shot I be her husband O.

Cap. Serjeant you had best repair to our quarters and get ready an ocean of punch, I'll meet you there in half an hour ; come my honest friend I must insist on the honour of your company with these fine young fellows, to drink his Majesty's health.

Sim. E'cod, Captain I'd drink his Majesty's health, God prosper him, until I'd be as drunk as a sow, if there was'nt red coats near me, but you know your honour you have a nice way of nailing the boys, as a body may say, when you make us tipsey.

Cap. It is certainly too often practised, but no man of honour should abuse his royal Master's orders, by taking an improper advantage of any of his good subjects.

Sim. Wounds, your honour, must'nt he be a great cheat that will take the King's money whin he knows that he has'nt courage to fight for him ?

Cap. You speak like a very honest fellow, and I should like to be better acquainted with you, give me your hand, lad.

Sim. I hope your honour will excuse me, my hand is not very clean, besides I know how to keep my distance.—I beg your pardon Captain, but I have a bit of a secret to tell you, no offence I hope.

Cap. Not the least, let's hear it.

Sim. Upon my soul, Captain, betwixt you and I, I'm the devil's own coward.

Cap. Ha, ha, ha, that's laughable.

Sim. O the devil a word of lye in't, but I hope you won't tell any of the boys of our town, for they think that I'm as stout as Bully our big dog.

Cap. Never fear, I'll be secret.

Sim. Now since I told your honour all the whole truth, I hope you'll bid the Serjent not to be coming round a body when he meet's us.

Cap. You may depend, he shall not come round you, as you call it. *(Exit Cap.)*

Sim. Well, I wish your honour a good day, Serjeant good by to you, Neddy Grouse, I mean Serjeant Neddy Grouse, good by—but upon my conscience I'll look sharp for all that. *Exit Sim.*

Serj. Come, my loyal heroes, never mind that fellow, he'll never make his fortune in the field of honour, come, brother soldier what say you, would'nt you glory in beating the French.

Ned. E'cod, I would Serjeant, if I could meet them, and the time they came into Bantry Bay, ogh my jewells if you'd see how we was all ready to tip thim Shillelagh.

SONG

SONG III. AIR, Paddy Whack.

Arragh, what do you think of the mighty invasion,
 Whin the Frinch was all coming by land and by sea,
 They put all our country in great consternation,
 And spoilt all our sport it being Christmas-day;
 The roast beef and Plumb pudding, the Turkey and
 Mutton,
 Did make such a savoury smell on the sea,
 That these French-men so meagre, with stomachs so eager,
 Did force all the ships into Bantry-bay.

CHORUS.

There was such shouting and hawling, such roaring and
 calling,
 For our brave gallant Admirals to come would their
 fleet,
 But the wind kept such blowing, neither sailing nor
 rowing,
 Could bring in our ships, these invaders to meet.

2

My Aunt Biddy Gubbin, was making her pudding,
 To eat wid her beef, it being Christmas day,
 Whin she heard of the invasion her broomstick she
 seized on,
 And swore she'd go beat them from Bantry-bay;
 But our Yeomen were ready, with hearts stout and
 steady,
 An Irish salute they'd prepared for La Hough,
 For you know he expected his friends all collected,
 To draw him in triumph to Cork in his coach.

CHORUS.

'T here was such shouting, &c. &c.

3

But success to the winds, it was they that preserv'd us,
 And gave these mounseers such a hell of a blast.
 And instead of the cheer, that they thought to find here,
 They are forced ever since for to keep the black fast,

May

May these damn'd Frinch invaders and all their endeavours,

*If ever they chance in old Ireland to land,
Meet the fate of their Humber and his rebely lumber,
And lay down their arms at the word of command.*

CHORUS.

Such roaring and bawling, &c. &c.

(Exit Serj. Ned, Recruits, &c.)

SCENE—*A Lawn with a distant View of a Mansion.*

Captain Solus.

Cap. That appears to be a good house, and if I mistake not the country fellow told me it belonged to Sir Christopher Curious, the Father of my charming Arabella, I'll take a saunter down the avenue, perhaps I may be blest'd with a sight of my charming girl. *(Exit.)*

Enter Arabella and Molly, at the opposite side.

Ara. O Molly, Molly, I have the most delightful news to tell you, do you know that there's a smart young officer come to the village with a recruiting party.

Mol. Lord, Miss, do you call that good news.

Ara. To be sure I do, you fool you, there will be such marching about every day, with their fifes and drums and colours, O it will be delightful.

Mol. Well, Miss, I declare I never seen the likes of you, your so fond of running after the soldiers, I suppose you like the Militious men, and the Yeoboyes.

Ara. I more than like them, I adore them as the preservers of the country, and the greatest ornament to human nature.

Mol.

Mol. I did'nt care if they were all at Dingledy-couch.

Ara. But why this dislike to the Military?

Mol. Because, I think 'tis twenty to one if half the girls in the village ever gets a husband, for with their drilling and parading and dressing, they have no time to court as formerly; and then if one should chance to marry one of them, I suppose they'd have to run about after them from town to town, just for all the world like a shewman's wife, stuck up on the top of a parcel of old chests, with a swarm of children at my heels, and may be one at my back, and another in my arms, squalling louder than the fife.

Ara. There, you're mistaken, for they always travel in a nice Chaise-marine, I should like it of all things to follow the man I love to glory.

SONG IV. AIR. *In his greasy old tatters.*

Ara. Should glory invite my fond swain from my arms,
In battle I'd join him, ne'er dread wars alarms,
The martial story,
Told of glory,
My heart should delight,
I'd stand near my hero engaged in the fight.
I'd stand, &c.

2.
Tho' thoughts might obtrude, and my heart heave
a sigh,
I'd disguise my fond anguish and fears when he's
by,

With smiles I'd cheer him,
And keep near him,
Ne'er dread loud alarms,
But fix on his armour, and watch him from harm,
But fix on his, &c.

Mol. Lord, Miss, I suppose you woud'nt be mad enough to follow him to the field of battle.

Ara.

Ara. Most certainly;

Mol. Well, the Lord forbid that I should be such a fool, I declare I'd screech my life out if a cannon ball should offer to come near me.

Ara. Hush Molly, as I live here they come, for I seen the glimps of a red coat coming this way.

Mol. Lord, Miss, let's run away, or we shall be ruined without making any resistance.

Ara. Go, you fool, sure they won't enlist you.

Mol. No, by jingo, but may be they'd crimp us, O Lord Miss, as I hope to be saved here they come.

Enter Captain.

Capt. What, my pretty dears, afraid of a man.

Mol. Not in the least I assure you sir, it's only the red coat that makes me afraid.

Ara. And why the red coat, you fool, when 'tis generally put on to be your protector.

Capt. I think I know that voice (*looks more earnest*) ha! my Arabella.

Ara. It is possible—Mr. Caulfield I am astonished, I should not have known you in regimentals.

Capt. I hope they have not altered me for the worse in your opinion.

Ara. No indeed, on the contrary, I have been always partial to the army, but at the present period it is not only becoming, but the most honourable dress a man can wear.

Capt. I am happy at your sentiments, shortly after you left Buxton, I prevailed on my father to purchase me a commission, which I esteem the most fortunate circumstance of my life, as it meets your approbation, and gives me this opportunity of throwing myself at your feet, to assure you of my unalterable love.

SONG

SONG V. DUETTO. AIR, *Say bonny Lass.*

Cap. *Oh say lovely maid that you'll pity your lover,
And some small return of your passion discover;
Condemn not your soldier in doubt for to languish,
But kindly relieve him from sorrow and anguish.*

Ara. *I am almost afraid for to give you an answer,
But I'll do the best to relieve you I can sir;
I'll freely confess that my heart's from me flown
sir,
And ever has been so since first you I've known sir.*

Both. *Then now let us part, on each other depending,
Our love and our truth still encreasing, ne'er ending,
May fortune propitious still smile on our wishes,
Our constancy crowning with love's endless blisses.*

Ara. *Let me entreat you'll retire for the present,
Molly will inform you when and where we'll meet
again—farewell.*

Capt. *Adieu, my love.*

(Exit Capt and Mol. follow.)

Enter Lady Curious.

Lady. *What is the reason, Miss Arabella, that
you came out without your vail.*

Ara. *My dear mamma, I only just ran down
the avenue to see a recruiting party pass by.*

Lady. *For shame, my dear, how could you do
such an inconsiderate unsequential act, and like
the bar maid of an inn expose your countenance to
every common fellow.*

Ara. *Lord, Madam, sure you'd not have me like
a nun in a convent, always to cover my face at the
sight of a man.*

Lady. *Pray, Miss, let me have no disputations
about your countenance—not cover your counte-
nance*

nance indeed, I say it ought and shall be concealed—
bless me, is not that your maid I see conversing
with a Soldier?

Ara. I suppose some of the recruiting party
that's enquiring for some person.

Lady. She's an impudent impure, to stand speak-
ing to any strolling soldierly fellow,—do you hear
girl?

Enter Molly.

Mol. I'm coming, my lady.

Lady. Pray, Madam, how dare you be conversing
with that soldier?

Ara. Upon my word Molly it's a great shame
for you to do the like.

Mol. Lord Miss, would'nt any body spake to their
brother when they'd meet him in a strange place?

Lady. Why girl, have you a brother in the
army?

Mol. I have indeed, and I never knew it until
now.

Lady. O that's a different matter to be sure, the
ties of consanguinity are strong, but I desire girl
you'll not encourage any of them soldierly fellows
to encroach on my premises, come Miss, let's retire,
I shall dissolve from the excessive heat of the he-
mesphere. *(Exit Lady, Ara. and Mol.)*

SCENE. A Chamber. Sir Christopher Curious at a
table with a parcel of Newspapers.

Sir C. It's very strange that we have nothing
new these two days, no packets, not a word
from the Continent, not a syllable from Egypt but
damn'd lyes; 'tis very strange indeed, I am afraid
all is not right; let me see what point is the wind
in—looks out—ha, neighbour *[Enter old Credulous.*
Credulous. I'm glad to see you, any thing new,
any news from France?

Cred. O dreadful news, most shocking bad news.

Sir

Sir C. Eh, how, dear Creddy, let's have it, what is the news, it must be news I suppose, as I have not heard it.

Cred. Oh, it's an undoubted fact, for neighbour Blackburn at the Swan told me, and he had it from one of the recruits, who had it from a sergeant that was told it by the captain of the recruiting party that come from Dublin, and he had it, you may be sure, from the fountain head, so that it must be true.

Sir C. True,—Ay, but what is it? Let's hear the news, Creddy, quick, let's hear it, good or bad, let's hear it.

Cred. 'Egad, 'tis bad enough, after all the uneasiness we have had already, but the less we say, these times the better, so I'll say nothing.

Sir C. You'll say nothing; Damn it man, tell us the news, what are you afraid of?

Cred. Indeed, 'tis melancholy news, and not the least doubt of its being true—Do you know that there are fifty thousand Frenchmen more landed, and they're to be joined by a hundred thousand rebels immediately—its come from the fountain head, I assure you, but I'll say nothing.

Sir C. I don't believe a word of it, if it was so, I'd have an account of it from my correspondents in Cork and Dublin.

Cred. Egad, Sir Christopher, you'll never believe any thing until you have ocular proofs of it; but let us move our families and stock, for fear they should come to this part of the country. Dublin is the safest place, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. Psha! nonsense, man, suppose it was true, do you imagine that I'd run away from them. No, no, Creddy, I am too sensible of the blessings we enjoy under our present King, and happy Constitution, ever to resign an inch of my property but with my life, to a pack of damn'd blood thirsty assassins.

Cred. Egad, Sir Christopher, I wish every man of property in the kingdom would do the same, stay at home and protect their country, and then we need not fear our enemies; but I'll say nothing, for these are troublesome times.

Sir C. Damn it, man, you're afraid of your own shadow; let the French rascals and their rebellious friends do their worst, while we have our British Navy, our army, and the saviours of our country, the Irish Yeomen to protect us, we may laugh at all their impudent treacherous schemes.

SONG 6th. Air, *July the First.*

*The French before,
In days of Yore,
Came here our coast to land on,
But in dismay
They fled away,
Their schemes forc'd to abandon;
Tho' all their threats
And Gallie fears,
On floating castles wondrous,
Yet Homers well,
In France can tell,
How British cannons thunder,
In Egypt, Nelson of the Nile,
Made Buonaparte to wonder,
When organising crocodiles,
He heard the British thunder.
I thought, says he, to set you free,
But the English fleet prevents me,
I own they're masters of the sea,
For they beat us ten to twenty.
Cred. Fire George, Sir Christopher, you sing mighty well, and that's a devilish good song—but I'll say nothing, for these are ticklish times—*Doc* that's true, have you heard the other news?
Sir C. What other news, any thing new, any talk of peace?
*Cred.**

Cred. Egad its strange, but they say its true, for all that, and if he does, I think he's a madman, but I'll say nothing.

Sir C. If he does what, and who the devil is a madman?

Cred. Why our neighbour Whimsy.

Sir C. Psha! damn Whimsy, I thought it was some news from France, or the Netherlands, or Killala Bay, or Egypt, or Lough Swilly, or the like.—Well, what is the old fool about now?

Cred. Fore George he's going off to the Continent hot foot.

Sir C. To the Continent, what the Devil will he do on the Continent?

Cred. Egad he's going there in a balloon.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha, going to the Continent in a balloon, this is more of his nonsensical schemes, and pray what does he propose by going to the Continent?

Cred. Egad a most excellent scheme, I assure you, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. What is it? Come, let's hear?

Cred. If his experiment answers, he's to apply to government, and get a patent to ply his balloon as a mail coach, as the speediest method of conveying the packets.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha, I have heard of building castles in the air, but this is only building coaches in the air.

Cred. Egad it may be the means of making his fortune, but I'll say nothing, for these are ticklish times, and the less a man says the better; but let us take a walk up to Whimsy's and he'll tell us all about his new-invented packet-boat.

Sir C. Come away, Creddy, come away, for I love dearly to hear what's the news.

Exit together.

SCENE.

SCENE, *A lawn at Whimsy's, with a tackle, ropes and several implements, as if trying experiments.*

Enter Old Whimsy, Simon Smash, and others.

Whim. Well now, this goes on as I'd wish; it is a most ingenious experiment, and may be the means of handing my name down to posterity. Well, people may talk as they will, but there is nothing in this life like a man of ingenuity, studying plans for the good of future generations. I never plague myself with politics or such nonsense, I employ my time better. Oh, 'tis a fine thing to have a mechanical head.—D'ye hear, Simon.

Sim. Here I am, an please you.

Whim. Simon, is every thing put in the chariot according to my directions.

Sim. Chariot, Sir!

Whim. Yes, you blockhead, the aeronautic chariot.

Sim. Ecod, Sir, I put the bags of sand in the hamper, as you bid me, and tyed the ropes fast to it.

Whim. Go, you ignorant booby, sure that is what we call an aerial chariot.

Sim. Faith, master, you may call it what you please, but I call it a brave strong basket, made of fally switches. Chariot indeed, faith I know what a chariot and a post chaise too, for its often I drove one.

Whim. Well, well, 'tis in vain, the fellow will never improve. What would many a young man give for such an opportunity of improvement. Go in and bring out the cap and signal flags.
[Exit Sim.] Let me see is every thing in proper order for the ascent. Lunardi himself was never so complete.

Enter

Enter Sir Christopher and Credulous.

Sir C. Ah, Whimsy, is the news true that I hear.

Cred. Yes, neighbour Whimsy, we want to know if it be true that you are going to the Continent? Sir Christopher won't believe it, but I'll say nothing, for these are troublesome times, and the less we say the better.

Whim. Neighbours, I'm glad you are come, I am just going to try one of my grand aerial experiments. Come Simon.

Enter Simon with a cap and signal flag.

Let's dress you after the manner of all the great aerial navigators.

Sim. Wounds, Master, sure I don't understand navigation.

Whim. Booby, you are only to sit in the chariot, and do as I direct.

Sim. Thunder an ouns, master, can't you make Paddy there go in it, for I often heard him wishing to ride in a chariot.

Whim. Come, Sir, now you appear as great a man as the famous Lunardi; now sir, take your seat, and fix all your apparatus. D'ye hear, Paddy, do you open the gates, and let in all my neighbours to see the grand experimental ascent.

Simon gets in and seats himself,

Cred. 'Fore George, Sir Christopher, this is a strange business, but I'll say nothing.

Enter a crowd of people.

Whim. Welcome, neighbours, you are all come to see Simon make his first aerial ascent, now he's ready. Come my lads pull away, he's going. Now let's encourage him by a grand Chorus.

Full Chorus.

*See the aerial hero rise,
Let your voices fill the air;
See his Chariot touch the skies,
See him mount, despising fear.*

While the chorus is singing, they pull him a good distance from the stage.

Sim. Arrah hold, stop, stop, I say,

Sir C. My good fellow, bring us all the news.

Sim. O Lord, O Lord, if I fall down and break my neck, I'll swear my life against you.

SONG 7th, AIR, Black Joke.

*Sim. O Lord, what a terrible fright I am in,
I'm so hobbled, that I'd give my life for a pin;
Wounds, Master, I wish you would let me come down,
If the ropes should be rotten, and happen to crack,
I'll brake all my bones, my poor neck, and my back,
Faith I'll never forgive you for putting me here;
It was the Devil invented this travelling in air,
For to cheat all the inns and the turn-pike men.*

*Arrah, master, have pity, and let me come down;
O Lord, I'm a mile and a half from the ground.*

*Whim. Hush, you blockhead, your ballast let fall
to the ground,*

Your name will be famous in ages to come.

*Sim. Arrah, thunder anouns, do you take me for a
gem,*

Or a thief in a gibbet here dangling in air.

*Whim. Now display your fine flags, and we'll give,
you three cheers.*

And bring you in triumph, then all through the town.

Sir C. Ha, ha, that's very good, very good.

All. Huzza, Huzza, Huzza.

*Whim. He, he, he, hoise away, my lads, hoise
away.*

*Sim. Wounds, stop your hands, and hoise no
higher.—Ecod if you don't I'll cut the ropes, and*

let myself be kill'd, and then I'll have the satisfaction of seeing you all hang'd for murdering me.

Whim. He, he, Sure, you fool, you're at your journey's end; now display your signal flags, and salute us all. Now you're at a proper distance to throw out some of your ballast. Boys, hold the rope fast.

Sim. The Devil burn me, but there's ballast enough for you.

Simon empties a parcel of sand-bags on their heads, they let the ropes go, and the balloon disappears.

Sim. O, Thunder anouns, I believe I'm a dead man.

Whim. Zounds, you stupid rascals, what made you let the ropes go, didn't you see he was just beginning to practice the sand business.

Cred. Fore George, I think he was very expert at that business, but I'll say nothing. There he goes.

Whim. You damn'd stupid dogs, what made you let the ropes go—I did'nt intend he should go yet. Follow him, follow him.

They all run off shouting.

Come away, Creddy, come away.

Cred. Stop, neighbour, stop, this is a dangerous business, but I'll say nothing.

Sir C. Come, let's follow him, we'll have some news.

Whim. Fore George, he's off, sure enough; look neighbours, how glorious he ascends.

Cred. Egad neighbour, I'll wash my hands out of this business, for the boy will fall and break his neck, and then we'll all be try'd for murder, but I'll say nothing.

Sir C. Psha, you blockhead, never fear. Come away, neighbours, come away, we'll have news to tell at any rate. (*Exit Whim, Sir C, and Cred.*)

SCENE

SCENE *Changes to the Village.*

Enter all the Country People. Simon, as just come to the ground.

Sim. Thunder an' ouns, where am I—Keep off until I see whether I am dead or alive.

Enter Whimsy, Sir Christopher and Credulous, running.

Whim. He, he, he, Simon, you're down I see,

Sim. O by my soul, I am, master, and devil burn me if ever I'll be up again.

Whim. Well now, we'll conclude our experiment in the usual way, by complimenting him as they did the great Lunardi, and all the famous travellers in air. Come, lads, take him on your shoulders, and carry him in triumph round the village.

Sim. Lord, Lord, master, let me stay on my feet for five minutes, till I see whether I'm dead or alive.

Whim. Come, come, let the procession begin.

They take Simon on their shoulders, and march two or three times round the stage singing.

CHORUS.

*See the aerial hero rise,
Let your voices fill the air;
See, his chariot reach the skies,
See him mount, despising fear.*

Exit. all singing.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Room in the Swan.**Serj. Sly, Ned Grouse, and several recruits drinking.*SONG, 1st. *Let Fame sound, &c.*

*Serj. Come all you true yoemen, your voices unite,
 Let the earth all re-echo the words that we sing;
 They are words which each true loyal heart will
 delight,
 May our country be happy, and long live the King.
 May our, &c.*

*That his days may be lasting, his glory increase,
 With laurels his brows be entwin'd,
 May he reign long and happy, his people to bless.
 With peace and with honour combin'd.*

Come my lads here's his Majesty's health, and may
 his enemies be defeated in all their schemes.
 Hurra — You see my lads, 'tis thus we gentlemen
 soldiers live.

Gr. Yes, damme, a short life and a merry one.

*Serj. Well, if we do fall, my boys, it will be
 the first time.*

*Gr. Right, Mr. Serjeant, right, and Ecod we
 won't die alone, you know, there's nothing like
 having one's friend about us on our death bed.*

*Ser. That's my fine fellow, I like your manner of
 speaking, for tho' we do fall in the field, our fame
 will never die, as we'll fall in a glorious cause.*

*Gr. But, ecod Sergeant, I think there would be
 much glory if we'd return safe, then our mothers
 and our sweet-hearts would be glad to see us. Arrah,
 my boy, that's the best sort of glory.*

*Serj. Sure, Mr. Grouse, you have not a sweet-
 heart.*

*Gr. By my conscience, but I have tho', seven
 or eight. Arrah, did you ever know a boy from my
 country, but made the girls fond of them. My
 own Cicely for that.*

SONG

SONG 2d. T. D. A.

O what a dainty sweet thing is the maid I love,
 She fits my knuckles as well as a kid skin glove;
 And tis of that I had her but down by yon mountain side
 Soon I would ax her for to become my bride;
 O the skin on her face is as red as an ewe apple,
 Her pretty round waist with my arms I'd soon grapple;
 But when that I ax'd her to come to the priest and wed,
 She stily made answer, what call have you to me, Ned.
 Ch. Tum, dom, dilly dom, dilly dom, dilly dom, &c.

Arrab, Cicely, my jewel, the dickens go woe you, why,
 If you are cruel, its down at your feet I'll lie,
 Bekeys you're hard hearted, I'm melted to skin and bone;
 O, it would move your compassion as you'd hear me grunt
 and groan,
 But all I could say then her heart could not mollify,
 Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so shy;
 Arrab, be easy, says she, for indeed you make many free,
 I wish you'd leave off, now, bekeys you've no call to me,
 Tum, dom, &c.

It was at Ballygaruly, last Easter, I met woe'd her,
 Into Jim Galwey's we went, where I sat woe'd her;
 Arrab, Cicely, my jewel, now if you will be my own,
 Soon father Luke shall come, and will make us one;
 At hearing of this, she then began to glisten bright,
 Says I, my dear cratie, I'll make you my own this night;
 Then in comes the clergy, and ax'd would we marry'd be,
 O yes, to be sure, for Ned has some call to me,
 Tum, dom, &c.

So when she consented, and the clergy the words had said,
 Poor Cicely and I both strips off and went to bed;
 Woe'd her arm all round me, she said my own jewel,
 I hope you're not angry bekeys I was cruel;
 Says I, my jewel charmer, my joy, and my heart's delight,
 You know very well that to you I could not keep sight;
 So she then turn'd round, with the blanket she hid her
 head, and cry'd, oh be easy, what call have you to me, Ned,
 Tum, dom, &c.

Enter

Enter Sir Christopher and Credulous.

Sir C. Gentlemen, your servant, you are welcome to this part of the country—Have you any news, any thing new?

Serj. Thank you, sir, please to be seated—Mr. Grouse, hand chairs.

Sir. Ha, Neddy, are you there?

Gro. Yes, your honour, Ecod, I have taken on, and am going to be a soldier, and I am a serjeant already.

Sir C. That's an honest fellow, and better than idling here at home.

Serj. Yes, sir, he's in a fair way of making his fortune.

Cred. Hum—I'll say nothing.

Sir C. You are just come from Dublin, I presume.

Serj. Yes, Sir, I left it yesterday morning.

Sir C. Well, Sir, what's the news; any thing new?

Serj. (aside.) Damn me, these are the old fellows, that are so fond of news, I'll quiz them.—Why yes, Sir, the last packet has brought rather disagreeable news.

Cred. Eh, how, let's hear it, pray.

Serj. We have lost two of our islands.

Sir C. Two of our islands, Sir, Damn me, that's bad news.

Cred. Very bad, indeed, Sir Christopher, but is it gazetted, pray, Sir?

Serj. No, Sir, but 'tis an undoubted fact for all that.—I have seen a private letter from a private gentleman to his private friend, which gives a private and circumstantial account of the surrender of both these islands on the first of last April, at nineteen minutes past nine, by the town clock.

Cred. Egad, I don't like so much privacy, I'm afraid there is something worse in the wind—but I'll say nothing.

Sir C. 'Fore George, that's very bad news, if it be true, but I hope our people behaved with their usual spirit and bravery.

Serj.

Serj. No doubt of that, the Irish have at all times, proved themselves as brave and as loyal subjects as any under the crown.

Sir. C. Are they West India islands?

Serj. No, Sir.

Sir. C. The East India, I suppose.

Serj. No, no, a much greater loss, and nearer home.

Cred. Jersey and Guernsey, I suppose.

Serj. No, Sir, them islands would be no loss, in comparison to them that are taken—they are a severe loss, I assure you, gentlemen.

Sir. C. Adzocks, Sir, I can't comprehend what islands you mean.

Serj. Why, Sir, the islands of Lambay and Dalkey.

Sir. C. The islands of Lambay and Dalkey; where do they lie?

Cred. Egad, Sir Christopher, they're a great loss, sure enough; they lie off the Scotch coast, I have often heard of them.

Serj. I beg your pardon, Sir, they lie on the Irish coast, and were under the command of Sir Stephen Armi-page.

Sir. C. Phoo, phoo,—'tis no such thing, there is not an island on the Irish coast, can hurt our trade and commerce.

Cred. Let me tell you, Sir Christopher, you are mistaken, grossly ignorant of the politics of your country.

Sir. C. Why, what trade, prithee?

Serj. A very beneficial one, I assure you Sir.

Sir. C. What is it, pray?

Serj. Why the black cockle and mussell trade, carry'd on between them and the inhabitants of Dublin.

Sir. C. Pho, pho, 'tis a damn'd lye; black cockle trade.

Serj. Well, Sir, you may think as you please, but 'tis an undoubted fact.

Cred.

Cred. Egad, Sir Christopher, I'm afraid it is too true. I'm afraid we'll have no more charming large mussels.

Sir C. Damn you, and the mussels too, I never heard such a credulous old fool in my life. It is you, and such as you, that alarm with the most unaccountable nonsense, the ignorant and ridiculous.

Cred. Hush, Hush, Sir Christopher, you know very well that these are ticklish times, and the less we say, the better.—No man should be told that he is ignorant or ridiculous—but, come away to our friend Whimsey's, and try if he has heard of the loss of our cockle islands.—Good by to you, Gentlemen, good by, I am very sorry we have lost our mussel and cockle islands.

[Exit at different sides.]

SCENE—a Garden.

Enter Arabel and Molly.

Ara. Are you sure, Molly, the note went safe.

Mol. I hope, Ma'am, you don't think me a fool, O, he gives a person a present so nicely, it would do your heart good to see how sweetly he squeezed my hand, when he gave me the guinea.

Ara. How ill-natured he is to keep me waiting.

Mol. I'm very sure he can't help it.—Well now, what a monstrous pity it would be that so sweet and so pretty a gentleman should ever go to the wars. Indeed, Miss Arabel, tho' I never told you, I lost a darling young man that was courting me the matter of two months, and we doated on each other.

Ara. Poor girl, what happened him?

Mol. Why, Miss, he went up to Dublin about business, and the recruiting people crimpt him, and that's the reason that I dislike them ever since.

D

Ara.

Ara. Well, but perhaps he may come back.

Mol. I hope so with all my heart.

SONG III, AIR, *Dibdin's Plow-boy.*

Mol. When I was a milk-maid, with heart light
as air,

I'd contented sit milking my cow,
For my lad he was kind; and his heart was sincere,
Whilst at home he kept minding his plow.
Whilst at, &c.

He'd walk by my side, and he'd carry my pail,
He'd fondly sit by me, and tell a love tale;
But war's loud alarms, forc'd my Patt from my arms,
But war's, &c.

Then I'll pray to the fates for to keep him from harm:
Now no more in the morn will we meet on the lawn,
Now no, &c.

The deuce may take the fife and drum, and all their loud
alarms, [arms.
That forc'd my Patt away to leave his poor Molly's

Then since he is gone, and has left me behind,
As my Patrick's my joy and delight;
I no longer will grieve for my heart is inclin'd,
For my King and my Patrick to fight.

For my King, &c.

I'll hie to the Captain, and bounty I'll take,
And a soldier I'll be for my dear Patrick's sake,
Then no more I'm your maid, but with sword and cockade,
Then no more, &c.

How I'll swagger and I'll strut and I'll flurt with each
maid,

When the sweet bugle-horn calls us up in the morn,
When the sweet, &c.

I'll glory in the fife and drum, and all their loud alarms,
That brought me near my love to fight to guard him
from harm.

Ara. Upon my word, Molly, I like you for
your constancy, but I am growing very uneasy for
fear he should not come.

Mol. Lord, Miss, you need not fear—sure I told you we were too soon, but you thought you'd never get here. Well, now, I declare I was just the same way myself; I used to think every minute an hour until I'd see him coming.

Ara. I fear my mother may suspect my being out, then I shan't have time to stay with him any time.

Mol. Faith, then, Miss, that would be a great pity, for he's a sweet young fellow.—Lord, Miss, Arabella, what a terrible pity it would be that a cannon ball should come and kill him on the spot.

Ara. Have done with such nonsense, girl, Providence, I hope, will be his safe-guard.

Mol. Lord, Miss, can't you persuade him not to go to the wars, tell him, that you won't go but stay at home, and die of a broken-heart.

SONG IV. AIR. Lullaby.

Ara. If stern glory claim'd my lover,
Fortitude should strength supply,
Not one fear would I discover
Sooth'd by honour's lullaby.

Tho' my heart with anguish bleeding,
Oft might heave the bitter sigh,
Patience should with Hope's fond pleading,
Calm me as a lullaby.

When with peace my love returning,
Fill'd with rapture's tear mine eye,
Lost would be each thought of mourning,
In affection's lullaby.

Mol. O, Miss, here he is, here he is.

Ara. Softly, girl, you'll positively alarm my mother.

Enter Captain Caulfield.

Capt. My dearest Arabella, I hope I have not detained you.

Ara. I was a little uneasy, for fear my mother should call.

Capt. Then, as we may not have another opportunity, let me entreat you to bless me with your hand. You have long known that all my happiness depends upon you.

Mol. (aside) Lord, if he was to say but half as much to me, how soon he should be happy.

Capt. Tell me, my angel, do I read consent in your eyes.

Mol. Goodness, my dear Miss, how you keep the Captain so long in suspense—I did not think you half so hard hearted.

Ara. How your tongue runs, girl.—I fear you'll let my mother surprize us. Do, good Molly, step down towards the house, and if she should come out, give a loud hem.

Mol. (aside) Now she wants me away, for fear I should hear all their soft talk. But I love courting as well as herself, so I'll stand and listen to them. *(goes behind, going.)*

Capt. Come, my love, on my knees let me intreat you no longer to delay my happiness; this favourable opportunity we must not let slip.

Ara. I beseech you to rise—'tis silly to confide too much in servants.—we must be on our guard, but as I have the firmest reliance on your attachment and integrity, if you will meet me here at half an hour after night-fall, and bring your friend.

Cap. The Chaplain. Yes my adorable, and let me confirm your consent with this kiss.

SONG V. AIR. *Peggy Bawn.*

*In vain I endeavour, in vain try each art,
For love the invader has conquer'd my heart;*

If

*If you look but with kindness, your smiles make me blest,
To guard you from harm is my heart's fond request.*

*In securing your heart, now I've gained my fond wish,
When mutual our loves are, how endless the bliss;
With you in a desert I'll never repine,
Nor wish for more wealth, since my charmer is mine.*

*If call'd from your arms to some distant clime,
I'll think on my charmer, and still call you mine;
As the hopes of returning shall cheer my fond heart,
Then I'll here end my toils, and no more shall we part.*

Enter Molly running.

Mol. Hem, hem.

Ara. As I live, here's my mother. Fly, I entreat you.

Capt. Adieu my angel. Remember your appointment.

Mol. Well, Mrs, I hope I pleas'd you by keeping out of the way.

Ara. Indeed, Molly, you're very good, but is my mother coming.

Mol. No, but she was calling you to get the key of the green-house.

Ara. As I live, I have it, and must run with it to her, or she'll be displeased.

Mol. Now, after all the good turns I have done for that one, see how she behaves to me; she thinks I'm not fit to be trusted, but I'll lay my life, the Captain would trust me if I'd ask him. Let me think a little, by jingo there's a thought come into my head which I'll immediately set about, and she shall see then, whether or no I am fit to be trusted.

Exit Molly.

SCENE

SCENE, *The Lawn at Whimsy's House,**Enter Whimsy.*

Whim. Well, my mind will not be at ease, until I make another experiment on the nature of rising. I have conceived some very useful hints from Simon's last trip; it was a charming fight indeed, and went off so clever, without any accident. It is a most ingenious thought, and may be the means of handing my name down to posterity. I must have another trip. Here Simon, Simon, I say.

Enter Simon.

Sim. Did your worship call?

Whim. Simon, make haste, we must prepare for another ascent.

Sim. S'blood, Master, do you think I'll be such a gomm, to be dragged up again by a rope, like a dead pig in a butcher's stall? By my own soul, you have got the wrong sow by the ear, and I'll tell you what, measter, I now give you warning, for I'm going away.

Whim. Going away, blockhead!

Sim. Yes, your worship, going away, I have other fish to fry.

SONG. *AIR. Moll in the Wad.*

*Wounds, do you think that I'm such a fool,
I believe you suppose that I'm crazy or mad,
To think I'll agree to be made such a fool,
To be hang'd up and drown'd like a goose in a gad,
Because I'm your boy, you want to annoy,
But, zounds, Sir, there's justice enough to be had,
And soon you shall see, what a stout boy I be,
For I'll leave you, and go to court Moll in the Wad.
I seen*

I seen her just now and she look'd so genteel,
 You'd think her a lady from Dublin so rare;
 She was all of one shape, from her head to her tail,
 And her waist was gone faith, I can't tell you where:
 She was dress'd out so fine, with her swastb tied behind,
 And her big blather sleeves, that to me look'd so odd;
 So I made a fine bow, and ax'd her as how,
 Would you like me for a husband, miss Moll in the wad.

She turn'd about, and look'd quite a-bam'd,
 Then pull'd up her curtain, to show she could blush;
 Says she, tell me young man, pray what do you mean,
 O, her voice was as sweet as the throat of a thrush,
 Then I swore and declar'd that my heart was ensnar'd,
 Says she, I believe you're a very good lad,
 Then continue to please, for one or two days,
 And you then may be married to Moll in the wad.

Whim. Go! go; you foolish fellow, there is
 nothing would get you a wife so soon, than your
 name being famous for mounting; but you was
 always a foolish fellow, and would not do as I'd
 have you.

Sim. E'cod I'm a great fool indeed, bekeys I
 won't let you break all the bones in my body, the
 way I may get a great name.

Whim. Out upon you, you unfortunate man.
 'Fore George, I'll take a trip myself.

Sim. Do, Master, that's right, you shall see
 how nice I'll make you rise, you know I under-
 stand the business.

Whim. Let me see, is every thing secure: while
 the thought is fresh in my memory, I'll mount.
 Now my good Simon, when I'm feated, let me
 go very gently, and be sure you stop when I bid
 you.

Sim. Never fear, master, I'm the boy that
 knows how.

Whim. Now, my good lad, be very cautious.

Sim.

Sim. Upon my conscience, *Sir*, you need not say one word, is not that nice?

Simon pulls gently at first, but as the basket rises, he encreases.

Whim. Gently, gently, my good *Simon*.

Sim. Never fear, *Sir*, is not that pleasant?

Whim. Yes, but I think you pull rather too fast.

Sim. Not at all, the faster the better. Sure you're mounting you know.

Whim. Zounds, *Sirrah*, you'll kill me if you pull so fast.

Sim. The devil a fear there is of you. Now shew your colours, master.

Whim. Stop, stop, you damn'd dog, what are you about.

Sim. Fly away, master, fly away, you'll soon be at the end of your journey.

Whim. Murder, murder, you damn'd villain, I'll have you hanged the moment I get down.

Sim. Upon my conscience, if that be the case, I'll be hang'd if I let you down at all. *Ecce* master, you look for all the world like the sign of the Cat and Cage at Ballybough-bridge.

Fastens the ropes, and runs off.

Whim. Zounds, the Lord defend me, the villain gone off, what shall I do? Here, *William*, *John*, *Margery*, where are you all? As I live, I'm a dead man!

Enter Credulous.

Whim. O Lord, O Lord, what will become of me?

Cred. What noise it all this, I thought I heard my neighbour *Whimsy's* voice, but he's not here, I find.

Whim. O my bear, dear *Creddy*, you're welcome.

Cred.

Cred. Eh, that certainly must be Whimsy's voice—but where can he be? Egad this is very odd; it's only some tricks he's playing on me. Well good by to you neighbour, since that's the case good by to you, wherever you are. (*Going.*)

Whim. O, you stupid old fool, why don't you look up. Sure I'm here, Creddy, I'm here my friend.

Cred. O, ho, you are there, are you, odsheart, sure you are not going so soon; well neighbour, a safe return to you. I'll go tell Sir Christopher, you're on your way to the Continent, and you'll bring us all the news.—Good by, Whimsy; good by—be sure bring us all the news.

Whim. Zounds, you old fool you, sure I'm not gone yet, this is only an experiment. My dear Creddy, loose that rope, and let me down gently.

Cred. You know, Whimsy, these are ticklish times, and yet you'd have me meddle with a rope. Good by, my friend, 'tis dangerous meddling with edg'd tools.

Whim. You cursed, stupid old fool, let me down, or I shall be kill'd, and then you'll be hanged for my murder.

Cred. 'Egad if he was kill'd I might be taken on suspicion, without doubt—so I had best let him down, for these are very ticklish times—come neighbour, I'll let you down, though I don't like touching the rope. (*Lets him down.*)

Whim. Well, now I am down and safe, may I be hanged if ever I take another trip in the air.

Cred. Except compell'd by the law; you should say, for these are troublesome times, but I'll say nothing.

Whim. Come neighbour into the house, until I get some refreshment, for I assure you I am fatigued from the fright got by that damn'd dog Simon running away and leaving me in the predicament you found me.

Cred.

Cred. A very dangerous one indeed neighbour ; but harkee, I lay my life, he was bribed to do it, there was some combination at the bottom of the business, but I'll say nothing.

Whim. Psha, man you say too much—the damn'd dog, to leave me suspended in the air like Mahomet's coffin.

Cred. Come, come, neighbour, you must not be in a passion, for let me tell you these are ticklish times.
(*Exit together.*)

SCENE, at the Swan.

Enter Serjeant and Molly.

Serj. So, my dear, your business is with the Captain, you say ?

Mol. Yes, Sir.

Serj. Perhaps, my dear, I could do your business.

Mol. Not so well as the Captain, I'm sure.

Serj. I'm sorry for it, as I should be happy to serve you.

Mol. Indeed, Sir, I thank you, but it is the Captain that must do my business.

Serj. Well, my little dear, as the Captain is not at home, I am his Major-Domo, and will take any commands you please to leave.

Molly (aside) Major-Domo, O Lord, what an outlandish name that is, for an officer.

Serj. Well, my dear, will you communicate.

Mol. I beg your pardon, Major, I did not think it was you I was speaking to, or I should not have been so ruff.

Serj. (aside.) Major—Damn me, that's not so bad, she takes me for the Major.—Come, my dear, let me know your business, upon my honour, I'll serve you if I can.

Mol.

Mol. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Major, and since you are the Captain's friend, I'll tell you all about it, but 'tis a great secret, and you must not tell a living soul of it, for if my young lady should find out that I spoke to any body but the Captain, she'd never forgive me.

Serj. Never fear, my charming little rogue.

(Kisses her.)

Mol. O sye, Mr. Major, I wonder at you. Well Sir, then you must know that my young lady sent me to bid the Captain come to her half an hour sooner than she appointed this evening, as it will be more convenient, and not quite so dark, for she's afraid to be out in the dark, and to be sure not to forget to bring the parson with him.

Serj. (aside) The parson! O ho! is that the way, most noble Captain.

Mol. I hope, Major, you won't forget—bid him come just as it is dark.

Serj. Never fear; tell her the Captain will think every minute an hour till he sees her.

Mol. He knows the place—in the dark walk at the bottom of the garden, don't forget that.

Serj. Never fear, my pretty pidgeon; but tell me, my dear, what's your lady's name?

Mol. Lord, Major, sure the Captain knows Miss Arabella this long time, but the squire nor her mamma don't know that they are acquainted.

Serj. What, is it the Squire's daughter that lives in the large white house with the high walls about it.

Mol. The very same, Sir.

Serj. I suppose she's a great fortune.

Mol. I'll engage she'll have the full of my apron of beaten gould; and she's as handsome and as good a creature as ever you set your two looking eyes upon. I'm sure he'll be a happy mortal if the can get her to run away with him.

Serj.

Serj. I make not the least doubt of it.

Mol. O Lord, I am staying too long. Mr. Major, I hope you won't forget. Make him come exact to the time, just at dark, and not to forget the parson. *(Exit. Molly.)*

Serj. Never fear my dear—Damn me, this is a good joke, and a damn'd lucky discovery. Let me see—I *certainly will* go myself to the appointment in place of the Captain, in the dark she won't perceive the difference, so I can whip her off before he comes to the appointment. Zounds, what a fortunate fellow I am.—Now, as he did not make me his confident in the business, he can't blame me, as he shan't know that I knew all about it, so every way I'm a fortunate fellow. *(Exit.)*

SCENE. *A Garden, Stage dark.*

Enter Serjeant.

Serj. Well, here I am, on the brink of plunging headlong into the sea of matrimony with a piece of mortality I never set eyes upon; well, who can say but Sly is a stout fellow. Hift, who's there.

Enter Molly.

Molly. O dear Sir, a friend; I declare I am frighted out of my senses—is that my sweet-heart the Captain.

Serj. To be sure it is my darling, give me your hand.

Mol. O my dear Captain, I am all over in a combustification.

Serj. (aside.) Combustification, damn me, that's new coinage. Never fear, my adorable charmer, you know I'll protect you.

Mol.

Mol. Indeed, Sir, I'm neither afraid of ghosts nor spirits; I am only afraid that my papa and mama should catch us before we get married.

Serj. Come away, then my charming Miss Arabella, I've a chaplain at hand, that will splice us in the biting of a cartridge.

Mol. O then, let's make haste, it would be ill-manners to keep him waiting.

Serj. (*aside*) Zounds, what a hurry she is in. Come away, you coaxing, bewitching little devil—come away. (*Exit together.*)

Enter Arabella.

Ara. Bless me, I'm terrified, I thought I heard a voice; is that my Caulfield? No, not yet. I suppose it was my own foolish imagination; and yet I am pretty sure I heard a voice.

SONG. AIR—*Hope told a flattering tale.*

*And will no change of clime,
Produce a change of love;
Or will no length of time,
Inconstant make him prove;
Can love e'er find decay,
Can love, &c.
Ah, no, with him so blest,
I own love's gentle sway,
But should he ever prove untrue,
To love and life, alas! adieu.*

De Capo.

Enter Captain Caulfield.

Capt. Sure that is the voice of my Arabella, that harmonizes the air, and makes even Philomel silent.

Ara. My Caulfield, give me your hand, I'm terrified to death.

E

Capt. My dearest girl, don't be alarmed, my friend is at hand to compleat my happiness.

Ara. Oh, my Caulfield, this is a severe trial of my affections, to sacrifice my duty to my dear father and mother.

Capt. My charming Arabella, in me you'll find all you can desire.

SONG. AIR—*Lillies of the Valley.*

Can love be sway'd by duty's rules,
To guide the tender heart;
Such precepts can't be taught by schools,
Ah, no, too hard's the part;
Can I obey such wise commands,
And love Miss Sue or Nella;
No, none shall have my heart and hand,
But charming Arabella.

Where love and merit both unite,
And meet the lover's wish;
What eager transport's soft delight,
What scenes of endless bliss,
The bee that feasts on ev'ry flower,
Whose joys there's none can tell a,
Is not so blest as I'm this hour,
With my sweet Arabella.

Capt. Come, my love, let's fly, I'm all impatience to call you mine. (Exit.)

SCENE A Parlour.

Enter Sir Christopher and Lady Curious.

Lady. I tell you, Sir Christopher, she is gone, for I have searched every place, and she is not to be found.

Sir C.

Sir C. Psha! nonsense; woman, I say it's no such thing, where would she go to?

Lady. My dear, my dear, I know that some of them soldierly fellows have carry'd her off. I shall go distracted.

Sir C. Eh! how! 'Egad that might be the case—O, the damn'd rascals, I'll hang every one of them—Here! Thomas, Roger, Betty, fly each of you different ways, and try to overtake my daughter.

Enter Credulous.

Sir C. My dear Creddy, what's the news, have you seen them?

Cred. Have I seen them—seen who, Sir Christopher?

Lady. She's gone, I assure you, Mr. Credulous, flown, and I fear for ever. O, my darling Arabella!

Cred. Your ladyship, I protest, surprises me, could she undertake so bold a thing,—Had she your consent?

Lady. My consent, Mr. Credulous, do you think that I'd give my consent to so foolish a business—But I have done with her.

Cred. Well! I protest I did not think he'd be guilty of such an action as to carry her off without your approbation. Fye upon you, neighbour Whimsy—Fye upon you.

Sir C. Zounds, Creddy, do you say 'tis Whimsy that has carry'd her off. O, the damn'd old dog.

Cred. Mercy on me, Sir Christopher, you know there was no other person would undertake such a business.

Lady. O, the designing old villain, to seduce my tender innocent lambkin.

Cred.

(40)
Cred. Well, well, my lady, it's all for the better, they'll return safe back, and all will be well.

Enter Whimsey.

Sir. C. Here he is, the villain, I'll have him hang'd.—Tell me this minute, you damn'd old rogue, what you have done with her.

(Seizes him by the throat.)

Whim. Zounds, Sir Christopher, what do you mean—are you mad?

Lady. Tell me this moment, you unfeeling old seducer, where you have left her?

Whim. Fore George, my lady, I'm so surprized, I know not what to say, who do you mean, or what do you mean?

Cred. Fye upon you, neighbour Whimsey, you should not have frightened Sir Christopher and my Lady in that manner. But I'm glad you're safe, where is the young lady, pray?

Sir C. Yes, you old villain, where is my daughter?

Enter Captain Caulfield, leading Arabella.

Ara. Here, my dear father, come to ask your forgiveness.

Sir C. Eh, how, what is this?

Lady. Pray, madam, where have you been?

Capt. With me, madam.

Lady. And who are you, pray, Sir?

Capt. A Soldier.

Cred. O ho, is that the way?

Lady. And, pray, Mr. Soldier, what have you to do with my daughter?

Capt. I come, my lady, to receive the hand of your daughter from you and Sir Christopher.

Lady.

Lady. Then you may march away, for no soldierly fellow shall ever have a daughter of mine.

Sir C. Tell me, young gentleman, who you are, for I love a soldier.

Capt. General Caulfield was my father, I have the honour to bear his Majesty's commission of captain—I have long lov'd your daughter, and have this night prevailed on her to bless me with her hand.

Sir C. Your father, I remember right well, he was an honour to his country, and as a proof of my friendship, I forgive and bless you both.

Whim. 'Egad this is all very strange, it's like the latter end of a play, I think.

Cred. 'Fore George, and so it is—but I'll say nothing.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha, Creddy, you set us all astray.—Do you know neighbour, that he said it was you carry'd off my daughter.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Cred. Well, well, it was all a mistake, occasioned by my lady's telling me that miss had flown, I thought it was in "neighbour Whimsey's balloon".

All. Ha, ha, ha,

Enter Serjeant and Molly.

Ara. What is the meaning of this?

Molly. O my lady, my lady, I am crimpt, I am crimpt, the Sergeant has crimpt me.

Serj. Faith, my lady, it is crimp the crimper, for she has crimpt me.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Captain, I know not what to say in my defence; stratagem they say is fair in love or war. My intention to deceive has recoiled upon myself. My crime has justly carried it's punishment along with it—but I hope your forgiveness, and will stick to you to the last drop of my blood.

Capt.

Capt. I sincerely forgive you—So let us all dedicate the remainder of this night to mirth and jollity.

FINALE.

SONG. AIR—*Ligurum Cusum*

Capt. How vast the rapture fills my breast,
 Embracing this my treasure;
 By words can weakly be express'd
 How great my bliss, my pleasure;
 Henceforth each harsh, discordant sound,
 Each jarring note we'll banish,
 Like mine, with joy, each heart shall bound,
 And mirth make fervent wantish.

Ch. Henceforth each harsh, &c.

Ara. How kind's Papa to Bella's suit
 My wishes thus complying;
 He has my heart, I'll own the truth,
 My hand could I deny him.
 For tho' in love I prais'd art,
 And studied to deceive you;
 From hence you'll find a dutious heart,
 With every wish to please you.

Sim. I hope, gentle, you'll lend an ear,
 And listen to poor Simon;
 He'll not offend, you need not fear,
 With his own simple riming.
 Success to every loyal band,
 Was lately rais'd to beat those,
 Who hither sail'd to invade the land,
 Of shamrocks and potatoes.

Serj. By all the powers of war and blood,
 Your lines beat all their's hollow;
 I would do each true born subject good,
 Your pattern if they'd follow.

First

*First hoping that our kind friends here,
Will throw no damper o'er us;
But join their hands our hearts to cheer,
I'll then propose for chorus.*

*May health, prosperity and peace,
Long flourish in our nation;
Long live our king, and discord cease,
Amongst men of every station.
May health, prosperity, &c.*

F I N I S.

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